

HOME AWAY FROM HOME



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with
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**Dedicated
to the memory of
“Mom” and “Dad” Rattan
(Irvin L. and Bertha M. Rattan)**

Two very special people who cared
for the sons and daughters of others
as though they were their own.

Introduction

Rev. and Mrs. I. L. Rattan, of Layne's Hospitality Home for Servicemen in San Diego, California, were a powerful Christian influence in the lives of hundreds of young members of the armed services during World War II, the Korean War, the 1960s and the Vietnam era. Both have gone on to be with the Lord, Irvin in 1968 and Bertha in 1989. But the inspiration provided by Mom and Dad Rattan continues today, through those who went on to become ministers of the gospel and those who are active lay members of churches around the country.

The Rattans never had children of their own, but we as their children in the Lord want to remember them. So as a memorial, we have prepared a history of the Rattans and of Mother Layne's Hospitality Home for Servicemen. The book also includes testimonies from men and women who were beneficiaries of their fruitful ministry.

Howard enlisted in the Navy in July 1950, shortly after the beginning of the Korean conflict. We were married in June 1952, in our hometown of Lyons, Kansas, and I returned to California with him. Two months later, I went back home and he went to Japan aboard the U.S.S. Piedmont. We were reunited in March 1953, and stayed in San Diego, working with the Home, until Howard was discharged in May 1954. He moved to Costa Mesa in preparation for entering Southern California Bible College, but I stayed at the Home until our first son, Larry, was born on June 20, 1954. We returned ten days later, so that Dad Rattan could dedicate Larry to the Lord.

After we moved from California to Missouri to Bible School, and then on to pastor our first church in Harper, Kansas, the burden of the Home's ministry stayed with us. I made it the subject of my first sale as an author; the story I have used as the first chapter was published in the July 1956 issue of the *CA Herald*, the Assemblies of God magazine for youth groups, which were known as CAs (for "Christ's Ambassadors"). I have reprinted it here to provide a glimpse of the Home as we knew it at that time. The story is based on truth, although Bill Rogers himself is fiction; "Del McKee" was a composite of Delbert Glen Hall and Henry McKee.

Howard and I retired in 1996 and decided to drive to southeast Alaska to visit our younger son David and his family. We traveled there by way of San Diego and visited with Lloyd and Leona Dailey and other friends. Someone had told Lloyd & Leona that Mom Rattan's grave didn't have a marker, although Dad Rattan's grave did. The four of us decided to do something about it, so Leona gathered address lists from the 1990 reunion and when we got to Alaska, Howard and I put together our first newsletter. Enough funds came in to purchase the grave marker and then to continue sending newsletters. Many friends sent information for the newsletters, so I put the writing of this book on "hold" during the gathering of news. We eventually put out nine issues of *The Home News*. A big THANK YOU to everyone who

contributed details from their lives.

We are grateful to Mrs. Gladys Shoemaker of Laguna Hills, California for her invaluable information about Mom Rattan's family. Marguerite Hall's recipes and reminiscences were greatly appreciated, as were all the printed materials and photographs she kindly sent to us. Gladys Olson and Virginia Gonzales Hayden also provided recipes.

Special thanks to Reba Meyers, who attended Friendly Assembly of God in Kansas City, Missouri. In 1989, having heard about Layne's Hospitality Home from her pastor, J. Ernest Radford, and having met some of the "alumni," she declared, "Someone should write a book!" Special thanks also to Pastor Radford, who nominated me to do it.

Marge Marshall, Kansas City, Kansas

The "Home News" is online at <http://www.spaciouskies.us/HospHome/> There are pictures on the various pages.

P r o l o g u e

In the spring of 1926 aboard the Lurlene Steamship on its return voyage from the Hawaiian Islands, Mr. Mahlon E. Layne (always known as M. E. Layne) and Wesley M. Mason (affectionately called W. M. by Mr. Layne) were seated in deck chairs reminiscing about the previous twenty-five years of their lives. Their wives were elsewhere aboard the ship enjoying the greatest trip of their lives. Mr. Layne required a full-time nurse who traveled with them, as his illness was serious and proved fatal the following year.

The excuse for the three-week trip was valid, as the Hawaiian Government had solicited an expert in water irrigation for a problem on the Island of Molokai. Mr. Layne was well-qualified with forty years of experience as President and co-founder of the Layne & Bowler Pump. Co. and inventor of his patented vertical centrifugal pump. Mr. Mason was Layne's constant companion and administrative officer of all the Layne & Bowler operations. This combination business and pleasure trip proved historical for both men's lives.

At the turn of the century, M. E. Layne, with a small crew and his home-made drilling rig, traveled the prairie states, living in wagons and tents to drill shallow wells for the farmers. His slogan, "Water or no pay," attracted many farmers, as well water was the only source for human and livestock consumption other than a minimal rainfall. Irrigation for farmers was unheard of in this part of the country.

Windmills using a vertical rod moving up and down to pump the water from these shallow wells was a common practice. The wells varied from fifty to well over one hundred feet to the water table. All mechanical pumps then had to be placed into the water to operate. The horizontal centrifugal pump commonly used to pump water from streams was unsuccessful to pump water from drilled water wells. Mr. M. E. Layne, the mechanical genius, designed and patented the vertical centrifugal pump which placed a small-diameter pump down the depth of the well into the water and by means of a long vertical shaft from the earth's surface having a pulley with power, produced unbelievable amounts of water.

The Layne & Bowler Pump Company was¹ co-founded by Mr. Layne and a partner, Mr. Bowler. Mr. Layne moved his family to Los Angeles where he located the Layne & Bowler Pump Co. The World War I years had given the company tremendous growth but the following years of 1919-1921 were causing cash-flow problems. At this point, Mr. Layne convinced Wesley M. Mason to move to Los Angeles to assume the position of Vice-President and Treasurer of the Layne & Bowler Pump Co. The Mason family was delighted to move from the rigors of South Dakota to the land of sunshine, good schools and universities. The economy was improving and Layne & Bowler prospered at all three factories.

All the foregoing history was very indelible in the minds of these two successful men then stretched out on the lounge chairs on the Lurlene returning to Los Angeles. Mr. Layne was aware that his months or years were numbered and was concerned, not for the of money for Mrs. Layne, but the outcome of the Los Angeles factory and its many loyal employees. Mr. Mason, then fifty-two, would welcome early retirement to manage his own personal affairs. Layne & Bowler had three top-management people, Mr. Edward C. Wagner, Mr. Harry Watkins and Mr. Warren Bremer, who had been with the company for many years and were worthy of every consideration.

Many hours on this return trip to Los Angeles were spent in the discussion of the future planning for Mr. and Mrs. Layne and the outcome of the Layne & Bowler Pump Co. of Los Angeles. At the request of Mr. Layne, it was decided it was the responsibility of Mr. Mason to present a feasibility plan as soon as possible for the disposition of the Layne estate.

The year of 1927 was one to be long remembered. It was the year following the memorable trip to Hawaii in the Lurlene. The Layne & Bowler Pump Company had survived the recession years that following World War I and the company was now going through a very prosperous time under the guidance of Mr. Mason. Actual cash was scarce because of the required inventory and the financing of the contracts on sales.

¹Now known as Layne Christensen Company (LAYN on NASDAQ). The Layne Foundation also exists; it makes construction loans to churches in California.

As the corporation was wholly owned by the Layne family, there would be potentially a large estate tax (in cash) in the event of Mr. M. E. Layne's passing. The doctor and medical bills were staggering. Under all these pressures, Mr. Mason with the assistance of Mr. Robert L. Williams, the company attorney, planned, drafted and filed the Articles of Incorporation, a Non-Profit Religious Educational Foundation.

The original five Directors elected their Officers as follows: Mrs. M. E. Layne, President; Mr. W. M. Mason, Vice-President; Mr. E. C. Wagner, Secretary-Treasurer; Mr. L. L. Layne; Mr. R. L. Williams. The funding assets of the Layne Foundation were some cash and a large portion of the common and preferred stock of the Layne & Bowler Pump Co.

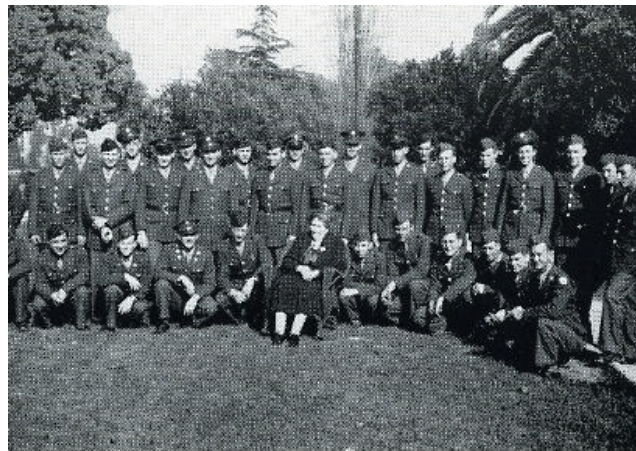
The eventful year closed with the funeral of Mahlon E. Layne, age 62, at the Forest Lawn Mortuary on December 27, 1927. The three sons with their families came from distant places to join this huge gathering of long-time friends and employees to honor the passing of this great and generous man.

For the following eleven years, Mrs. Layne with the assistance of Mr. L. L. Layne served the Board faithfully. The assets of the Foundation were primarily Layne & Bowler Stock and with their dividends, cash was distributed to many philanthropies.

- Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Layne had been very active members of the Pentecostal Church of God, later changed to Assembly of God, and had been large contributors. The Pump Company had purchased some thirty acres of land in the early days of Costa Mesa as a future home for the factory. This plan was abandoned so a charitable gift of this acreage was given to the Assembly of God Churches to become the site of the Southern California College (now Vanguard University) as their own religious school.
- The Good Samaritan Mission at 512 So. Towne Ave. in Los Angeles was sponsored by the Layne Foundation. This Mission consisted of a two-room building, one room with chairs and a lectern where a Christian service was held for the forgotten men of Los Angeles. Following the service, the men advanced to the second room where they were treated to a delicious breakfast. An automatic pancake machine (invented by Ollyn Layne) supplied the pancakes to go with egg, bacon and coffee for these hungry people.
- The Midnight Mission of Los Angeles was providing food and lodging for the homeless transients. Christian Ministers were furnished by the Layne Foundation on a Sunday basis for the interested guests of the Mission.
- The Los Angeles city jails were provided with Christian Ministers for Sunday services by the Foundation under the direction of the Rev. Mr. L. L. Layne.

- Mrs. Layne maintained a generous posture for grants to religious schools, public charities and individual cases. Cash balances in the Foundation were constantly minimal because of the generous program under her direction.
- In 1939, Mrs. Layne was 75 years of age and desired to retire from the active life of the Foundation and to liquidate her remaining Layne & Bowler stock. Mr. Mason was elected President, Mr. L. L. Layne Vice-President, and Mr. E. C. Wagner Secretary-Treasurer. Mrs. M. E. Layne and Mr. Williams continued as Directors on the Board. Upon her retirement from the Board, she founded Mother Layne's Hospitality Home for Servicemen in San Diego. With the assistance of the Reverend I.L. Rattan and his wife Bertha Rattan it became a temporary residence and Christian environment for military men on leave. A large old home was purchased and remodeled to sleep thirty men, serve meals and provide recreation.

Excerpts from THE LAYNE FOUNDATION STORY, by R. H. Mason, June 1983



Mother Layne and 75 Marines

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THE GREATEST THRILL ²

“He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed,
shall doubtless come again with rejoicing,
bringing his sheaves with him.” *Psalms 126:6 KJV*

“Young people, let's gather around the altar for a time of prayer and reconsecration,” came the speaker's urgent voice.

The members of the youth group moved forward, knelt, and began to pray earnestly. All but one -- Bill Rogers. He wasn't backslidden; nevertheless, he jammed his hands in his pockets, slumped his shoulders, and walked out.

Later, when he was home, he was still in the same mood. Mrs. Rogers frankly was worried. He had been uninterested in CAs and church lately, but this was the worse he had ever been. She decided she had better say something to him.

“Son, what is the matter? Didn't you like CAs tonight?”

“Like it? Well, to tell the truth, I was bored, bored stiff.” He seemed to warm to his subject. “In fact, I've been bored for quite a while. Bored with CAs, bored with church and Sunday School, bored with my job, bored with the whole gang!” He slumped in his chair, more despondent than ever. “What am I going to do, Mom?”

Thoughtfully, Mrs. Rogers replied, “I don't know. You've been out of high school nearly a year now. I thought you'd get a job and settle down. You did for a while, but lately, you've been restless, and, yes, bored. I don't know what to tell you.”

They were both quiet for several minutes, deep in thought.

Suddenly Bill sat up straight. “I know what! I'll join the Navy!”

“Bill Rogers! You will not! Why, you...! You're...!” Clearly, Mrs. Rogers was astonished.

“Now, Mom, I'm not too young, and I'm well and strong. It's just what I need -- something different!”

Bill was in earnest. He had to do a lot of talking to convince his parents, but he did it. In less

² Originally published under the title, "On the Town."

than two weeks, he was on his way to San Diego, California, “boot camp,” and the U. S. Navy.

Bill was going on liberty for the first time after three weeks in boot camp. He thought he looked “real sharp,” but to those accustomed to seeing sailors, the fact that he was a “boot” was obvious.

“Well,” he was thinking, “This is fine. No question about it being different.” At this point in his thoughts, he took off his hat and rubbed his closely-cropped hair, where once there had been shining black waves. Then he grinned, because boot camp was far from boring. He was a little homesick, though.

Seaman recruits really looked forward to their first liberty in San Diego, and Bill Rogers was no exception. But a few hours later he, like many others, went back to the base somewhat disappointed. After all, if you haven't much money, don't know anyone except other “boots,” and don't care for bars and night clubs, what can you do?

The next liberty, he went to one of the large churches in the city. The service there was nearly as boring as the one at home. The people paid little attention to the lonely sailor in the back row.

Bill had been reading his Bible faithfully and praying, but he was getting more and more discouraged. On the night after attending that service, he had a little talk with himself.

“Bill, my lad, you're stuck! You've signed up for four years of work and more boredom. Only thing you can do is hang on and not backslide. It's hard to be the only Christian, but you can't quit.”

In spite of that, though, it became hard to go to church. He couldn't interest himself in it. Some of his friends kept urging him to “see the town,” and they were able to convince him. He saw several movies and dated a girl, visiting several night clubs. He even took a couple of drinks in his search for a thrill.

In a matter of weeks, he was out of boot camp. He had been hoping to be sent overseas, but he was disappointed to learn he was to be stationed in “Dago.”

He wasted money in Tijuana, San Diego, and L. A., but before long, he began to realize he was seeking, but not finding. When he heard of something new, he hurried to try it. Always the result was the same -- a let-down. His spirit was so low, he “had to look up to see bottom,” as his Uncle Ed used to say.

His parents could tell Bill's state of mind from his letters, but they could only pray.

Then one Saturday afternoon he could find nothing more interesting to do than see the sights of San Diego. He decided to take bus route number 2. It headed east, straight out Broadway. As the bus climbed a hill, Bill saw a sign saying, "Servicemen's Center -- 2 blocks north." On impulse, he got off when the bus stopped. Soon he approached a large yellow house. It had a sign saying "Layne's Hospitality Home for Servicemen" over the front step. But Bill was more interested in all the young men in dungarees washing two old black limousines. They seemed to be enjoying their work.

Then Bill ventured up to the front door. Before he could ring the bell, the door burst open, and there stood a fellow about Bill's size.

"Hi! Are you new around here?" Without waiting for an answer, he continued, "I'm Del McKee. Come on in and meet Mom. She's right here."

As "Mom" Rattan stepped forward to acknowledge the introduction, Bill thought she was one of the nicest people he had ever met. Though her hair was graying, her carriage was youthful, and her smile lit up her face.

"Welcome home! We're glad you came up to see us. I know you'd like to see our big house, so I'll show it to you." True to her word, she led Bill into the rumpus room, up to the dormitory, and down to the patio, introducing him to everyone they met. Eventually, they ended up in the kitchen where he met Marguerite Hall, the cook, who handed him a dish towel, grinned at him and said, "Hi, Bill, how would you like to help me dry the dishes?" By this time, Bill decided he liked San Diego, after all.

He stayed the night, and the next morning, a limousine-load of fellows went to Bostonia Assembly of God church for Sunday School. Bill really enjoyed it! It seemed several of the sailors were not only Christians but practically preachers, and their enthusiasm contributed to a lively class. After the morning worship service, Bill knelt at the altar and reconsecrated his life to Christ.

That afternoon, back at the Hospitality Home, another service was held, climaxed by a powerful sermon stressing salvation. The congregation was made up of sailors and marines that the Home gang had invited off the streets near the Servicemen's Y. After the sermon, the Christians talked with the other men, winning several to the Lord. Bill found himself wishing he knew how to win souls.

The evening service in Bostonia was a revelation. Bill hadn't known it was possible for a

meeting to be so interesting, even thrilling. Sailor after sailor stood up and testified of the wonderful things God had done for them. Several told about being saved that very afternoon.

Bill realized that he had found what he had been wanting. Now his days' work went quickly, and he would hurry back to the "lighthouse on the hill," as Del McKee liked to describe the Home. The evenings were filled with good Christian fellowship, testifying, and prayer. "Dad" Rattan, a tall distinguished gentleman, was an excellent Bible teacher. He conducted solid scriptural studies, and taught the guys how to win souls. Bill's spare time was spent in memorizing scriptures, which he had written on small cards, as Dad Rattan had suggested: Romans 3:23; Romans 6:23; Romans 10:9-10; I John 1:9; Acts 16:31.

In a few weeks, Bill experienced great joy as he was able to lead another sailor to the Lord. As he told his mother in a letter: "It seemed like I got tired of taking and not giving out. I just got bored with my spiritual life and everything else. But since I've been in the Navy, and here at the Home, I've learned to live all out for God and to win souls. And, Mom, nothing, absolutely nothing, can compare with the thrill of winning a soul."

Pulpit Under the Palm

Our copy of the book mentioned earlier, *The Pulpit Under the Palm*, is inscribed "To Howard Marshall from Irvin & Bertha Rattan, Dec. 25, 1951, Phil. 4:19--" in Mom Rattan's handwriting.

The title page states that the book is the "...story of the Pancake Mission and its ministry and service to the unemployed during the dark days of the depression and to the needy multitudes that thronged the skid-ways of Los Angeles, California." The book was copyrighted in 1944; the author was Madeleine J. Robinson, "eleven years Superintendent of the Layne Foundation Mission. Former missionary to the Argentine Republic, South America, Box 566, Riverside, California. Authorized by Mrs. M. E. Layne."

The Dedication reads: "To the God-called workers, loving friends and counselors, who rendered the faithful service of giving, watching, working and praying with us, as we endeavored to lighten the burden of humanity during the dark days of depression, we lovingly dedicate this book. 'The righteous shall flourish like the Palm tree.' Psalms 92:12." Listed among the Captains and Group Workers of the Layne Foundation Mission were Rattan, Mr. and Mrs. Irwin. (Because Dad's name was pronounced as though the "v" were a "w," it was easy to misspell it.)

Pages 21-25 of the book contains the "Sketch of the Life and Work of Mahlon Easrom Layne" by Lawrence L. Layne. The concluding paragraphs read:

Mrs. M. E. Layne resides in South Pasadena, California, and is active in the work of the Foundation. She established the Pancake Shop on Towne Avenue, Los Angeles, in April 1931 during the dark days of the depression. Here more than a million persons were served gratis, and had the Gospel given to them; which has actuated the writing of this book.

She also established Hospitality Homes for servicemen at San Diego and Arcadia, California where the men from all branches of the service can find home comforts, warm fellowship and understanding in a Christian atmosphere.

If you wish to have a part in this work, The Layne Foundation will find a place for you to serve, or if you desire to give while living, or leave a legacy to the Foundation, it will be used one-hundred percent in the cause that you designate. It is not what we are getting, but what we are giving, that makes life worth the living.

Layne Foundation, 900 Santa Fe Avenue, Los Angeles, California

Mother Layne

For Every Service Boy We Offer This Prayer

Dear Lord, God of heaven and earth,
We pray for our defenders in this and
all Lands where they've gone forth,
May they, each one, feel Thy Presence near,
whether on land, sea, or in the air.
Cause them to sense Thy watchful care
And know that you are always there.
Whether through suffering, toil, or pain,
Lord, bring them safely home to us again.

...Men ought always to pray and not
to faint. *Luke 18:1.*

We can get a glimpse of the Home between December 7, 1941 and June 4, 1944 by reading a little publicity brochure featuring Mother Layne's Hospitality Home. The cover features a portrait of Mrs. M. E. Layne, and inside is a photo of 30 men in Army uniforms. It was taken on the front lawn of the home, and Mother Layne is sitting in a rocking chair in the middle of the

front row. The prayer printed above was on page one. The brochure was probably mailed to churches around Southern California.

HOSPITALITY FOR OUR DEFENDERS

Just To Get Acquainted

Many have asked the question: “What is a Hospitality Home?” We would much rather answer that question by having you personally visit Mother Layne's Hospitality Home, but as that may be impossible in your case, we will open the door and take you through the Home in this manner.

It is evening and the lights in the Home are burning a bright welcome to any “Boys” in the service of our country who may want to come in for the few hours they have “on leave,” for it is for Service Men that this Home exists. Soldiers, Sailors, Marines, Air Corps men, find here, not a Recreation Hall, not a Play Center, but an old-fashioned home, with a real home atmosphere, located in a quiet, secluded neighborhood amid pleasant surroundings. Here are the home comforts, warm fellowship and understanding their home-hungry hearts long for, and here “the boys” come, many of them from all branches of the Service and sometimes the room will not hold them. It would surely cheer your heart to see them.

Songfest

Every boy, it seems, likes to sing and has a favorite song. When we ask “What was your mother's favorite song?” or “What hymn do you remember?” the response is instantaneous. All strangeness or self-consciousness is gone. They sing lustily, heartily, standing about the piano in little groups, or with an arm thrown over a buddy's shoulder. They sing the songs the folks sing “back home” until hearts are suddenly grown tender and the boys feel at home. Then follows...

The Round-Table Discussion

In the large homey dining room the long table is set attractively with pretty dishes and lace cover. Each boy has a place and it is while the food is being served that a “round-table discussion” is opened by a tactful worker. The boys are encouraged to mention problems, to unburden their heart regarding any personal difficulties. However, spiritual questions are encouraged most by those in charge. Many of the boys linger at the table long after refreshments have been served, loathe to leave such a friendly fellowship.

Refreshments

Every mother knows how fond a boy is of “eats” and Mother Layne has found refreshments are a ready road to these boys' hearts. Only the very best of food is served to them and most of it is home-made, “like mother makes,” for friends of the “Home” send in home-made pies, cakes and cookies. Sometimes also some one of the cooperating churches furnishes the evening's refreshment and that means much in helping to lift the load, for which Mother Layne is most grateful. A good hot drink is served but the warmth about that table comes from a spirit of fellowship and friendliness which has been growing throughout the evening.

Vesper Services

Every Sunday at four o'clock the Home is crowded to capacity. The big living room where the Vespers are held has proven far too small for the many that attend. Each Sunday some Christian group, from the various churches cooperating, has charge of the Vesper Service. The young people bring their musical instruments and there is a nice little orchestra, in an adjacent room, to help with the music, as well as other varied musical numbers which go to make up a most interesting program. The testimony meeting is opened by testimonies from the church young people who are in charge that particular day. This, then, encourages the servicemen to also take part later. Many earnest, burning testimonies from both have stirred the hearts present. A brief message is then given by the leader. Inspiring songs, helpful message, stirring testimonies!

After the Vesper Service refreshments are served to the servicemen by the church group that is in charge that day, and most of the men go with the young people to their Young People's meeting at the church. Vesper Service will be long remembered by many a home-sick heart when they are far away.

Prayer

Prayer is FIRST of all in the Home. We mention it here last because we want to emphasize it more. Even before breakfast in the morning, the members of the Home-family gather for an hour of prayer in the living room. The emphasis is placed on prayer because each worker realizes that only God can do the work which is to be done in the hearts of these boys, and only in His strength can they carry on the work. At every gathering and even at refreshment time, the boys are asked who would like to be remembered in prayer. How your heart would rejoice to see the hands that are raised! Many times every single boy present has raised his hand asking to be remembered. And to this promise the workers surely are faithful, for they are remembered daily. In fact, it is part of every day's program at the Home to commit to God's care every boy who has ever visited the Home. There is also a room in the Home, beautifully furnished and specially dedicated to prayer alone.

What Can You Do to Help?

Many who have seen the boys on the streets or met them in the camps have wished they could really do something to help them. What can YOU do? You can PRAY. Prayer is needed now more than anything else.

PRAY FOR MOTHER LAYNE, who is the leader and is back of all this great effort. She is sacrificing financially and physically to her limit and you can pray that God will give her bodily strength to carry and the wisdom needed as leader of such a work.

Pray for the Prayer Group who reside in the Home and give all their time and strength that the service men may be saved, comforted and encouraged.

PRAY FOR THE HOSTESS MOTHER, who is a typical mother you would expect to find receiving the boys when they come with homesick hearts. She also has a dear boy of her own in the Air Corps and one can readily see her work amongst the boys is out of the depth of a sympathetic and understanding heart.

Please PRAY that the way will be opened for a Radio Broadcast, put *on* by and *for* our Men in Uniform, as we feel that broadcasting is a definite and vital part of the Home work, and reaches out beyond the boundaries of the Home, to men at some distance in other camps.

The Radio Ministry reaches such large numbers, that together with the "Mother" letters mailed out, has a very broad scope of service and needs MUCH prayer.

Your Prayers Are Greatly Needed

Because all workers are out on the faith line, they deserve your prayers (the Home has no salaried workers).

Because the boys in the Service are sacrificing everything for their country, they deserve your prayers. Because their souls are precious to God and Christ died for them, they must have your prayers. WILL YOU PRAY? God's Word says, "The effectual, fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth MUCH." So, if you will, pray for us that "MUCH" will be fulfilled. We will "carry on" if you will "hold up our hands" in prayer. Won't you write and tell us you are praying? God bless you and use your life for His service in this crisis hour.

Jesus--The Great I Am
(Mrs. M. E. Layne)

Dying on the cross alone,
Dying there for you, for me,
Leaving thus the Father's throne,
This, the Man of Calvary.

Chorus:

Hallelujah to the Spotless Lamb,
Hallelujah, Praise His Name,
He, Who is the Great "I AM,"
Yesterday -- today -- the same.

He's the lowly Nazarene,
He's the Friend of all mankind,
He is also "KING OF KINGS,"
And He came, the lost to find.

Oh, I'll praise this Matchless One,
Praise and worship at His feet,
He's the Father's "ONLY Son,"
Fellowship with Him is sweet.

Come, ye weary, burdened Soul,
He is waiting for you now,
Come, and He will make you whole,
In His presence humbly bow.

"I will no wise cast you out,"
This His promise, precious, true,
"I will take away all doubt,
That I bore it ALL FOR YOU."

"I'm preparing you a home,
That where I am, you may be,
Full surrender -- only come,
And the Title will be free."

(Inspired words written by Mrs. M. E. Layne, September 19, 1930)
Sung to tune "Silver Threads Among the Gold"

The Beginning

Layne Hospitality Home
A Home Away From Home
By Ulysses L. "Larry" Hudlow

I was acquainted with Mrs. M. E. Layne (affectionately called Mother Layne) in Pasadena, beginning in 1937 when I attended Layne Memorial Tabernacle, owned by the Layne Foundation. Sometime before that, they had opened the Pancake Mission at 6th Street and Towne Avenue in Los Angeles, where I ministered a number of times.

When World War II began in 1938, with Hitler invading Czechoslovakia, Mother Layne had a love and a burden for the American servicemen. She and some ladies were interested in San Diego to put some sort of a Christian work there, that the servicemen might be reached for Christ.

The Marines, Army, Navy, Air Corps, and the Coast Guard, from across the nation, were all stationed in San Diego just before going into combat. Thus there was a wonderful mission field in San Diego. Mother Layne looked and prayed about what kind of work it would be. At last, she settled on buying a house and calling it a "Home for Servicemen." After looking and looking, she decided on 1268 22nd Street.

I moved into the Home about Thanksgiving time, 1941. I had a desire to do something for God. The Home was opened about November 30th...about a week before the attack on Pearl Harbor. That Sunday night, December 7, we took many gospels of John to the men on the Navy ships, because they were leaving for combat duty.

Sister Hafley, mother of a large family of children, was a first helper in the Home. Bertha and Irvin Rattan helped, and later became Directors of the Home. They had ministered at the Pancake Mission in Los Angeles before this.

Sis. Bertha Rattan with her burden for souls and intercessory prayer was the power behind the Home from the beginning. I believe the success and growth and many, many souls who were saved, filled with the Holy Spirit and called into the ministry were because the Rattans honored the Holy Ghost, preached the Word, exalted Jesus, and strove to practice holiness.

We had that desire to win souls, be a blessing to the servicemen, to be a blessing to our nation. We hardly knew how to go about it. We thought of street meetings, but at that time a permit from the City was required, and we had none, and the City was not giving out any more. We heard of the Rescue Mission, of Sister Maude Blackstone (evolved into God's Extended

Hand Mission of the present). She had a permit for the southwest corner of Fifth and "G" Streets, so Brother Rattan and I, whom Sis. Blackstone had never met, went to borrow her permit. She was a little reluctant at first, but the Holy Spirit came on the scene, and she let us borrow it.

We didn't know how to get the servicemen to come; then we thought of taking cars down on the streets and personally inviting them.

After the Home was opened for a few weeks, we had Patriotic Rallies in different churches which helped us. We went down on the streets and invited servicemen to go along with us to the church. The first one we held was at Full Gospel Tabernacle Assembly of God, Sixth and Fir Streets in San Diego. Rev. E. E. Fullerton was pastor. Some 50 servicemen were in attendance. The young people of the church brought the special music. Pastor Mays of LaMesa Assembly of God brought the message. (He and his wife and daughter were killed in an auto accident sometime after that.)

The second rally was held a few weeks later at the Foursquare church on 30th Street, just north of El Cajon Boulevard. Dick Bucey sang "The Love of God." The next rally was at Parson Robert's church, San Diego Tabernacle, at Boundary and University Avenue. Br. Rattan brought the message. I believe some 50 servicemen were there, and all 50 went to the altar for salvation.

One night we took some Marines to the La Jolla Assembly of God; Rev. Obie Dowell was pastor. Bro. Chester Palermo and members of his Full Gospel Church were there; it was on 48th Street in San Diego, just north of University.

In January 1944, Virginia Brandt Berg, her son, David Berg, Bernice and Corinne Linger and their mother, Mary Linger, visited the Home. When I came home from an Assembly of God business meeting, on Monday, January 10, I met a nice young lady; she came into the kitchen where I was about to fix a Borden chocolate malt drink called, "Hemo." I asked this young lady if she would like to have a drink of the Hemo. She answered, "Yes." Later, she said, "It was wonderful, just right!" The next day Jim McPherson took Corinne and Bernice Linger and me to Old Mexico in his nice 4-door Ford. Bernice and I began our friendship. We were then married on April 8, 1944, and I moved out of the Home. We were one of the earliest couples to be married in the Home.

The Home was a wonderful blessing to me spiritually. I drew near to the Lord there and saw many souls saved and filled with the Holy Spirit.

“NOTHING'S TOO GOOD ...”

“Lord, lay some soul upon my heart, And love that soul through me;
And may I faithfully do my part, To win that soul for Thee.”

[Words by Leon Tucker, Music by Ira D. Sankey]

“Nothing is too good for our boys in the service.” This statement was made many times by Dad Rattan. It was a statement of the principle with which he and Mom Rattan directed Layne's Hospitality Home for Servicemen in San Diego, California. These were not idle words, but were proven by the fact that the Rattans dedicated many years of their lives to servicemen. The Hospitality Home was open for 33 years, from December 1941 until November 1974. In that time, more than 650,000 servicemen and women were reached by the Home's ministry. In a note to the Southern California District Council, dated June 23, 1973, Mom Rattan wrote

...We thank God for the wonderful things He has accomplished. In these past 32 years 650,000 Servicemen have been to the Home and heard the Word of God preached. Thousands have been saved and hundreds filled with the Precious Holy Spirit. I am proud to report hundreds of these Servicemen and their families are now members of our A/G Churches.

Their service at the Home began as the result of Mrs. M. E. Layne's urging. “Mother Layne,” as she was known, had recently retired as Director of the Layne Foundation and wanted to make a place where the “boys” in the service could go for a home-like atmosphere. At first the Rattans weren't interested, feeling that they were evangelists. But Mother Layne kept after them, so to satisfy her, they went to the Home. By November 1941, they had prayed about it and felt that it was God's will for them to stay.

And then, in God's perfect timing, the Rattans scheduled the first service at the Home on Sunday, December 7, 1941. Thus, their ministry quickly began to make an impact on the lives of soldiers, sailors and marines stationed in San Diego. With the attack on Pearl Harbor, all service personnel were immediately restricted to the strategically-important bay area. No serviceman likes to stay aboard ship or on base when he's not duty, so Mother Layne's Hospitality Home fulfilled one need just by being there; many times, when night came, the lawn would be covered by sleeping men.

In the years between 1941 and 1956, more than 225,000 had passed through the doors at least once. Thousands found Christ as personal Savior, either for the first time or as a reclaimed backslider. Hundreds received the Baptism of the Holy Spirit, and dozens went on to Bible College after their discharge and are serving the Lord today as pastors, evangelists, missionaries, college professors, and active lay members of churches across the country.

The Home was located at 1268 - 22nd Street in San Diego. The Rattans liked to think of it as “a lighthouse on a hill” because of its mission as a soul-saving center; it was situated on a hillside, with a view of the bay. But to the young men who spent almost all their off-duty time there, it was a second home. Dad Rattan later regretted that he had not sought a copyright for the phrase they coined, “your home away from home,” because it was soon picked up by a hotel chain.

In the early '50's, the Rattans had business cards printed for the guys to use as an invitation. On the back was a picture of the Home. The front featured the insignia of the Army, Navy, Air Force and Marines along the left side of the card, and the text read:

Welcome Servicemen
MOTHER LAYNE'S HOSPITALITY HOME
(Your home away from home)
1268 - 22nd Street
San Diego, Calif.
Take No. 2 Bus to 22nd Street
OPEN EVERY DAY EXCEPT MONDAY
Closed at 11:00 P.M.
Stationery - Games - Refreshments
Singtime Tuesday and Thursday 8:00 P.M.
Free Dormitory Facilities

Phone BE. 3-0525 Irvin L. Rattan, Director

A man would be invited to visit the home by another young man in uniform on the street corner by the Servicemen's YMCA down near the waterfront. His free ride to the Home was in an old 1939 nine-passenger Chrysler limousine. On Saturday evenings, dinner was followed by a church service in the rumpus room; it was conducted by the servicemen themselves, with the sermon either by Dad Rattan or by one of the young men who felt called to preach. The messages were simple salvation messages, and concluded with an altar call. After prayer and refreshments, the young men were delivered back to the YMCA, unless they decided to stay the night.

After breakfast on Sunday morning, the Chrysler and other cars would be loaded with young men bound for Sunday School at the Assemblies of God church which would be ministering at the Home that day. In the afternoon service, the local pastor would deliver another salvation message, and the church workers and the Christian servicemen prayed with those who responded. Afterwards, the church women treated the young men to home-made cakes, Jell-o, and coffee.

Imagine, if you will, the hundreds of cakes “just like Mom makes” consumed over the years!

Sunday evening, the Home group was featured in the evening service of the ministering church. The congregation would usually be treated to several sermons as the enthusiastic young men would begin sharing their new-found salvation experience and end up exhorting everyone in the audience to live for the Lord! Baptismal services were always a thrill, because often the candidate came up from the water speaking in a heavenly language, as he was being filled with the Baptism of the Holy Spirit.

The Rattans' efforts were rewarded with success. Dad Rattan described it in a letter attached to his credential renewal one year, probably about 1950; the date was not on the letter itself. The Home's telephone number was listed as “Franklin 0525” on the letterhead.

Rev. J. Roswell Flower, General Secretary, Springfield, Missouri

Dear Brother Flower:

Greetings in the Blessed Name of Jesus!

In regard to the questionnaire for pastors, I thought I may state that my capacity at the present time is filling both pastorate and evangelistic work in Mother Layne's Hospitality Home. We have three services a week; Vesper services on Sunday, and our week-night meetings Tuesday and Thursday, Bible study Wednesday and Friday. In the past year, we have had men from all branches of the services; 6,142 in our home, of which 2,880 knelt and received the Lord Jesus as their personal saviour. We surely give God all the Glory. Praise His Holy Name!

Irvin L Rattan

BERTHA AND IRVIN

“But my God shall supply all your need according to His riches in glory
by Christ Jesus.” *Philippians 4:19*

BERTHA

Bertha May Havin Rattan was born July 21, 1897, in St. Louis, Missouri. But when she introduced herself in informal meetings at the Home, she liked to call herself “Bertha Mildred May Leeds Havin Rattan,” making her name as long as possible. Where the “Mildred” came from, we're not sure...her cousin Gladys Shoemaker doesn't remember a second middle name. Bertha's parents were Charles Havin, born in Kentucky, and Susie Leeds Havin, born in Missouri.

Gladys Shoemaker shared these memories with us:

I came with my parents to Pasadena from Iowa in 1911. I was 10 and Bertha was 14. We came because of our mothers being sisters. Neither Bertha or I had any brothers or sisters. Her family came to California when she was two or three, I think. Growing up we weren't too close because of the age difference. When I was 20, we moved to Glendale, but we saw Bertha and her family frequently. I played the piano for Bertha and Irvin's wedding. Uncle Charlie died in 1930 about a month before I married. Aunt Susie died in August 1939 and shortly after that Bertha (I always called her Birdie) and Irvin went east to Bible School. I think they returned in 1941. In Pasadena they met Mrs. Layne, and she put them in charge of "Mother Layne's Hospitality Home for Servicemen."

They both loved the work and their "boys." In later years they traveled east and visited many of them. One of them gave Irvin and Bertha a trip to Hawaii and they loved it. I think that was in the '60s. Bertha came to Glendale for my mother's 90th birthday in 1964, and they both came to her funeral in 1966. My husband and I visited the "Home" many times and were present when they held meetings with the boys and of course later in her lovely mobile home (the last time in September 1988). They did a wonderful work, and I know it was exhausting, but the Lord truly blessed them. [Gladys' husband, Andy, died in March 1988.]

†

Howard and I were not able to go to Mom Rattan's funeral - we were in Kansas City and couldn't get there in time. I made these notes in her memory.

When a loved one dies,
We wonder why -
Why this one, Lord -
Why take this one we need so much -
Who will leave a place empty that no one else can fill?

We have no answers, Lord, we cry out in sorrow.
And then, Lord, you quietly remind us
That we labor not in vain;
There is a crown of Life that awaits if we are faithful.
"Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Lifting tear-filled eyes, we praise You, Lord,

For Your faithfulness,
For ushering our loved one
Into Your presence.

Though we'll miss her,
We'll learn from her example;
And thank You, Lord, for allowing heaven
To feel for us a little closer.

†

We have Mom Rattan's address book. Here are some things of interest from it.

Home closed April 1975 "All bills paid."

Trials, testings,
Disappointments and difficulties,
Yet we can look back and say
"Great is Thy faithfulness;"
God, our shield and salvation,
Will not fail us or forsake us.

Never give up until the answer comes..

Trials, obstacles, difficulties, and sometimes defeat are the very food of faith.

This above all -- to thy own self be true
And it must follow, as the night the day--
Thou canst not then be false to any man.
(quotation)

A friend is a gift whose worth can not be measured except by the heart.

The assurance of His presence is our stay.

His hand is guiding the pattern of your life. He is making you into His perfect image -- He has such beautiful ways of working.

May God always bless your lives with simple kinds of pleasure.
The little everyday things that are life's most precious treasures.

May He bless your hearts with warmth and joy that lasts forever,
Just as He has blessed you both by bringing you together.

May the God Who made you
And brought you to this day --
Pour love and joy upon you
And bless you good in every way.

The will of God will never lead you where the grace of God cannot keep you.

Gladys Olson's birthday, August 22.
Marguerite Hall's birthday, April 14.

There was also a note about eye cream for her dog, Tuffy.

I. L. RATTAN

Irvin Leonard Rattan was from Kansas City. He was born September 27, 1893, somewhere in Kansas. His parents were Oscar Rattan, born in Texas, and Mary J. Walker, born in Arkansas. He was ordained as an Assemblies of God minister by Ben Hardin of the Southern California District on May 12, 1943, just before he reached the age of 50. His application stated that he had been in ministry since 1937. His schooling was listed as "Grammar School" and his calling as "Evangelist." We know that Dad Rattan had one sister, Gertrude Doyle, but she was no longer living in 1991, according to Gladys Shoemaker. Mrs. Shoemaker does not know if there were any other sisters or brothers, nor if there were any nieces or nephews.

Bertha and Irvin met while they both worked in Robinson's Department Store in Los Angeles. They married in June 1920; she was 23 and he was 27. Their minister, Dr. Patterson, performed the ceremony in his home in Pasadena. Gladys Shoemaker played piano selections during the reception. The young couple continued working at Robinson's several years, living with Bertha's parents.

Although the Rattans never had children of their own, Mom once told me that she had become pregnant during the early years of their marriage. But while she was doing some varnishing, she became ill and then miscarried. God in His wisdom gave them many children over the years, as many young people thought of them as another set of parents. So they had grandchildren too, such as our son, Larry, and our daughter, Janet. In both cases, the Rattans got

to see our babies before our own parents did.

Pronunciations: Irvin was “Irwin”; Dad Rattan said “Angeles” with a hard “g” rather than the soft “g” most people used.

Dad would say “Aaay-men!” with a chuckle, when he could create a funny effect with it. About marriage, Dad would say, “Fellas, it's not the cost [of the marriage license], it's the upkeep!”

Dad Rattan died January 30, 1968 of a heart attack. He was 74. His obituary was undoubtedly written with the assistance of Mom Rattan. It reads:

Irvin L. Rattan was born in Kansas. Later he moved to the Los Angeles area where he worked in Hollywood as a silent film star. He met Sister Rattan while she was working in a department store in Los Angeles. They began going out together, and Brother Rattan decided that she was to be the woman of his life. He approached her father, who was a dedicated Christian, and asked his permission to marry her. Her dad said, “I have no objection to you personally, but you are not a Christian.” Brother Rattan replied, “You just leave it to me, and I will take care of that.” Shortly thereafter he knelt at an altar and received the Lord Jesus Christ as his own personal Saviour. Later he received a wonderful baptism in the Holy Spirit.

After their marriage in 1920, he and Sister Rattan attended Bethel Temple and helped the [Louis] Turnbolls in the tarrying services as well as teaching in the Sunday School.

Dr. Morrison later asked the Rattans for help in the church in Pasadena. They agreed and helped in the morning and evening services. On Sunday afternoon they would continue to help Brother and Sister Turnbull in their work at Bethel Temple in Los Angeles.

In 1939, the Rattans enrolled in Central Bible Institute in Springfield, Missouri. Later they went to the Faith Home in Zion, Illinois. After a stay there, they went back to Central Bible Institute [now known as Central Bible College].

Brother [Fred] Vogler in Springfield, Missouri, mapped out an evangelistic itinerary for the Rattans in the South and then back to California and Pasadena.

On December 6, 1941, the Lord led the Rattans to the Layne's Hospitality Home for Servicemen here in San Diego. In the beginning, they had no vision for the work because they were Evangelists. However, as the days rolled by they realized the great importance

of this work, and the Lord gave them the proper vision and the burden for our servicemen.

They have labored at the Layne's Servicemen's Center for 27 years, with literally thousands being saved and filled with the precious Holy Spirit. Over 435,000 servicemen have been to the Home. Fifty or more of these servicemen have gone out into the ministry, some are evangelists, some pastors, and three missionaries are on the foreign field.

The Rattans have the deep satisfaction of knowing that they have helped and encouraged many of the servicemen. He leaves to mourn his loss his beloved wife, Bertha Rattan, and a sister, Gertrude Doyle, of Pasadena, California. Only Eternity will reveal the vast and important work that has been done. He could say with the Apostle Paul: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing." (II Tim. 4:7,8).

To God be the glory.

Prophecy which went forth at the graveside of Dad Rattan:

*My son is by my side; at the right hand of Christ.
Your loved one's work is finished and he is now rejoicing
with Me in heaven.
He has finished the work that I sent him to do.
I have taken him at my appointed time.
My work is not finished but just beginning--
It will continue and even be a greater work.
The harvest is white--put in the sickle and reap--
Though the way may not be easy, press on, don't quit.
Let our sister be encouraged; be faithful and carry on.
My servant and his beloved wife have faithfully labored in this harvest.
Do not weep; lift up your eyes and rejoice
For you shall meet again on the resurrection morning.*

(The prophecy was given by Don Baker through the inspiration of the Holy Spirit.)

Reverend Rattan's Credentials Termination Report, stored in the Assemblies of God

Archives³ in Springfield, Missouri, reads: “Bro. Rattan passed away suddenly of a heart attack. He had been the director of the Servicemen's Hospitality Center at San Diego for the past 27 years. Many service personnel found Christ through his ministry.”

February 13, 1968

Mrs. Irvin L. Rattan
1268 22nd Street
San Diego, California 92102

Dear Sister Rattan:

Greetings in the Name of Christ our victorious Lord!

We were very much saddened recently upon learning of the homegoing of Brother Rattan. We sincerely trust that the rich grace of God fills your heart with comfort which He alone can give. It is our sincere prayer that the hope of the coming of the blessed One will fill your heart each day with benediction and strength.

We greatly appreciated the ministry of Brother Rattan and his faithfulness in service for the cause of Christ. As a result of these labors we believe many sheaves will be laid at the Master's feet. While the departure of loved ones is a great trial for those who are left behind, we rejoice in the homegoing of the faithful saints of God.

May the presence of the blessed Comforter be with you and bless you each day until we meet our loved ones and our blessed Lord.

Sincerely your brother in Christ, *Bartlett Peterson*, General Secretary

After Dad's death, Mom Rattan took over the direction of the Home, and it stayed open another six years. By 1974, however, the Vietnam War was over and there didn't seem to be as many Armed Services personnel in need of the home atmosphere. So when Mom Rattan was ready to retire (she was 77 by then), the Layne Foundation decided to close the Home rather than appoint a new director.

For her retirement, the Foundation provided her with a modular home, which she shared with Gladys Olson. Mom Rattan kept busy for another 14 years. And then she died February 13, 1989 of heart disease and leukemia. She was 91. Her funeral brochure read:

³We are grateful to the *Archives* for providing us with copies of their records about the Rattans.

In Loving Memory of
BERTHA MAY RATTAN
July 21, 1897 - February 13, 1989

Native of
St. Louis, Missouri

Funeral Services
Friday, February 17, 1989
2:30 P. M.

Lewis Colonial/Benbough Mortuary
Colonial Chapel
3051 El Cajon Boulevard
San Diego, California 92104

Officiating
Reverend Joseph A. Higgins
Reverend Chester Palermo
Reverend Richard Steinback

Music
Bill Robinson
Sharon Galoway

Interment
El Camino Memorial Park
[5600 Carroll Canyon Road, San Diego, CA
92121]
[(619) 453-2121]

For a look back at the early years of the Rattan's ministry, we have the following excerpt from *The Pulpit Under the Palm* by Madeleine J. Robinson, 1944:

LOST -- SAVED

“For this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost and is found.” (*Luke 15:24*)

By Irvin Rattan

I came to work at the Layne Foundation Pancake Shop about the spring of 1938 with the [Carter] Christensen Group. My first impressions, as I saw the great throngs that traveled up and down the streets of the “skidrow” section of Los Angeles, were, how greatly they needed the Saviour. Up to this time, however, I had not felt any special call to that particular work, but as I continued to labor there, preaching to the hungry, destitute men and women who came to the meetings, the burden began to roll in upon my soul and I began to spend special time in preparation for the work each week--fasting and praying for the salvation of the lost.

One week when our group had charge of the services, I was bringing the message on the Prodigal Son from Luke 15:24. I could discern that those men were drinking in the message, and noticed in particular a young man with a frank open countenance, but who seemed to be in great heaviness and discouragement. As I gave the altar call at the close

of the message, many lifted their hands for prayer, and among them was this young man. We prayed there and gave an invitation for all who would, to come with us into the prayer room for further help and prayer--this young man seemed to hesitate and I went over to him and said: "Son, would you like to come with me to the prayer room?" and he said "I believe I would."

I took him by the arm and we started toward the prayer room, when suddenly he turned and looking at me said in a loud voice, "*I am lost! I am lost!*" I said, "Son, this is just the time the Lord wants to find you!"

We knelt together at the altar and as we prayed the tears started down his face, and he jumped up and shouted, "...I am saved!" as he ran from one person to another, shaking hands with them smiling joyfully through his tears saying, "This is wonderful! I have never experienced anything like this before!"

When asked where he lived, he said "Lankershim" and said he wanted to go home at once and tell his parents what he had received that morning from the Lord--requesting that we pray for them as they were aged and his father needed prayer for healing.

I asked him how he was going home. He said, "I'll 'thumb' my way," and started down the street. When he had only gone a very short way the Lord spoke to my heart to help him. I called to him and said: "Here, young man, take this," handing him the last change I had. "Oh, no!" he protested, but when I urged him, he took it and went his way. Before that day was over the Lord had multiplied that change and given me four times the amount. Now thanks be unto God who blesses our labors and gives us souls for our hire."

The Home Away from Home

"Oh, I care not what church you belong to,
Just as long as for Calv'ry you stand;
So tonight, if your heart is as my heart,
You're my brother, so give me your hand."

[Author Unknown]

[Tune: "Red River Valley"]

The Rattans' ministry to the young men was a personal one, oriented to Christian growth. Dad taught the club members methods of soul winning and encouraged them to memorize

evangelistic scriptures.

The “home away from home” taught the young men responsibilities. Each Saturday was “field day.” The guys would wash cars, scrub walls, wax floors, paint where needed, vacuum floors, and mow the lawn. You could generally hear someone at the piano or phonograph, or maybe practicing a trio or quartet for the next Singtime. Then when the work was done, it was off to the beach for some fun. And then back for work on the street corner and in the evening service.

Prayer was stressed. Each week there was a 24-hour prayer chain, from Saturday morning until Sunday morning. Each person would sign up for an hour, but it was not uncommon to go to the prayer room and find several praying because the clock was ignored while intercession was made. There was a book in which the requests were written, along with the dates on which the prayers were answered!

“Chow Down!”

The whole “family” enjoyed the food at the Home. Marguerite Hall was the cook for about 24 years, assisted by Gladys Olson, beginning in 1963. Here are some of their menus and recipes.

From Marguerite:

SUNDAY DINNER MENU

Roast Beef (8 lbs.)
Mashed Potatoes
Gravy
String Beans
Salad
Bread and Butter

SUNDAY AFTERNOON

The ladies of the churches brought cakes and Marguerite made large amounts of Jell-O and coffee. The ladies visited with the servicemen while serving dessert.

SUNDAY EVENING

After church on Sunday evening, Marguerite had delicious beans ready. She made 5 times this

recipe:

1 lb. pinto beans	1 Tbsp. mustard
½ c. bacon ends	chopped celery and onion
1 c. catsup	salt
½ c. brown sugar	pepper

Cover with water. Cook (with lid on) on stove or in oven for a couple of hours. Then add onion, celery, catsup, mustard, and salt and pepper to taste. Cook until done.

MONDAY EVENING

The Home was closed, so we were on our own.

TUESDAY EVENING MENU

Salad

Roast Beef Pie (from Sunday's roast)

In large casserole dish, stir until thickened: chunks of roast beef, leftover mashed potatoes and gravy, and canned mixed vegetables. You may need to add some flour or corn starch for additional thickening.) Top with biscuits and bake until browned -- 35 or 40 minutes at 350 degrees.

Biscuits

2 c. flour	¼ c. shortening
2 ½ tsp. baking powder	¾ c. milk
½ tsp. salt	

Cut shortening into flour mixture, then add milk. Roll out on bread board. Cut in 1 ½" or 2" circles with cookie cutter.

WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY AND SATURDAY EVENING MEALS

Some of the memorable dishes Marguerite served included Tamale Pie, Enchilada Casserole, and Taco Casserole. She always made five times as much as called for in each recipe.

TAMALE PIE

Fry one lb. hamburger and 1 chopped onion until done. Then add 1 can tomato sauce and 2 tsp. chili powder. Cook 1 c. corn meal in 2 cups water. When done, add to the meat sauce. Stir in some black olives, cut in half. Pour into a large casserole dish, top with 2 c. grated cheese. Bake at 325 degrees for 45 minutes.

ENCHILADA CASSEROLE

1 lb. hamburger	1 can tomato sauce
Onion and garlic	1 can water
1 can pinto beans	2 c. cheese, grated
1 pkg. enchilada spice mix	corn tortillas

Fry hamburger, onion and garlic until done. Add pinto beans and tomato sauce and cook. Add enchilada mix. Cook until not too thick. In casserole, put a little sauce on bottom, then layer tortilla, sauce and cheese. Use about 6 tortillas in a round casserole. Bake at 325 degrees for 35-40 minutes.

TACO CASSEROLE

1 lb. hamburger	1 can tomato sauce
½ onion, chopped	1 can water
1 pkg. taco spice mix	2 c. cheese, grated
Corn tortillas	

Fry hamburger and onion until done. Add tomato sauce and cook. Add taco mix. Cook until not too thick. In casserole, put a little sauce on bottom, then layer tortilla, sauce and cheese. Use about 6 tortillas in a round casserole. Bake at 325 degrees for 45 minutes.

EVENING SNACKS

There were always refreshments after Tuesday and Thursday sing-times, Wednesday Bible Study and the Saturday night services. Two favorites were Cake Pudding (make from Sunday leftovers) and Ginger Bread with Lemon Sauce.

CAKE PUDDING

4 c. cake bits	3 beaten eggs
6 c. milk	a little salt

This is similar to bread pudding. Marguerite recommends a mixture of chocolate, white, and yellow cakes. Put in cake pan, and bake at 325 degrees for 45 minutes.

GINGER BREAD

Marguerite doubled the recipe.

½ c. sugar	1 tsp. ginger
½ c. butter or shortening	1 tsp. cinnamon
1 beaten egg	½ tsp. salt
2 ½ c. flour	1 c. Bre'r Rabbit molasses
1 ½ tsp. soda	1 c. boiling water
½ tsp. cloves	

Cream sugar, butter. Add eggs. Combine dry ingredients and mix. Then add molasses and water last. Mix well. Bake in square pan. Bake at 350 degrees for 40-45 minutes. Serve with Lemon Sauce.

LEMON SAUCE

1 c. sugar	2 Tbsp. lemon juice
2 Tbsp. cornstarch	2 cups water
1/4 stick butter	

Mix corn starch and sugar in pan. Gradually stir in water. Bring to a boil, stirring constantly until thickened. Stir in butter and lemon juice. Pour over warm Ginger Bread.

FRIDAY EVENING SUPPER - down on the patio.

Hamburgers or hot dogs	Catsup and mustard
Buns and potato chips	Pickles or pickle relish
Pork 'n' Beans or potato salad	Watermelon or cake
Vegetable salad	Ice tea and coffee

From Gladys: Now for recipes--do you know I can't remember much what desserts I made? 'Course we had a lot of cakes, because the ladies of the churches brought cakes on Sundays. I have one special one, Orange Fluff Pie. The nuts in the pie crust are what make the pie.

ORANGE FLUFF PIE

Crust: to your favorite pie crust recipe, add $\frac{1}{4}$ cup walnuts, finely chopped. Bake and cool before filling.

Orange filling:

$\frac{1}{3}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ c. sugar	1 c. cold water
1 Tbsp. gelatin (1 envelope)	3 eggs, separated
$\frac{1}{8}$ tsp. salt	3 Tbsp. additional sugar
$\frac{1}{2}$ c. undiluted frozen orange juice, thawed	Whipped cream
Chopped walnuts for garnish	

Gelatin mixture: Place $\frac{1}{3}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ c. sugar, gelatin, salt and water in top of double boiler. Cook over direct heat, stirring constantly, until dissolved. Remove from heat. Blend in 3 egg yolks, slightly beaten, to which a little of the hot mixture has been added. Cook over boiling water, stirring constantly, until mixture coats a metal spoon, about 3 minutes. Remove from heat. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ c. undiluted frozen orange juice, thawed. Chill until thickened, but not set.

Meringue: Beat 3 egg whites until foamy. Add 3 Tbsp. additional sugar gradually, beating well after each addition. Continue beating until meringue stands in stiff peaks. Gently but thoroughly, fold in the gelatin mixture. Chill until thick but not set.

Turn into cooled baked pie shell. Chill until firm. Serve with whipped cream. Garnish with chopped walnuts, if desired.

RICE HOT DISH

Serves 8

1 c. rice, cooked and drained	1 10 $\frac{3}{4}$ -oz can cream of mushroom soup
1 lb. ground beef	1 10 $\frac{3}{4}$ -oz can cream of chicken soup
1 onion, chopped	2 Tbsp. soy sauce
1 c. diced celery	peas, if desired

Brown beef, onion and celery. Add other ingredients and simmer 5 minutes. Place in casserole dish, cover and bake one hour at 350 degrees. Canned or frozen peas may be added if desired.

My sister topped hers with chow mein noodles and baked it half an hour longer.

MARGUERITE HALL

Marguerite Hall came to Layne's Hospitality Home in 1949, just before Christmas. She had come to San Diego from Hastings, Nebraska to visit Viola and Henrietta Lightner. While in

Hastings, she had worked at Mary Landing Hospital as a Nurses' Aide. After going to services at the Home a few times, she learned that they needed someone to do the cleaning and dusting, applied for and got the job. A Mr. and Mrs. Roberts were doing the cooking then, but later, Marguerite took over that part too.

Marguerite was born in Smith Center, Kansas, to Winford Wesley Hall and Nellie Rarabough Hall. Her birthday is April 14. When the Home closed officially, Marguerite stayed a few more weeks then went back home to Franklin, Nebraska to care for her mother. She now resides in Columbus, Nebraska. We asked Marguerite for some of her favorite memories of the Home:

I enjoyed going to banquets and going out to dinner. And our big Christmas dinners and the wonderful Watch Night services. Also going to Palm Springs on Monday, the day we had off. Brother and Sister Rattan took me to Hollywood and Vine to see the Christmas lights -- you could see them for miles. Going to Pasadena. Shopping. We went to the fair and saw the horse races.

Note by Marge Marshall: During the last few weeks before our son, Larry, was born, Marguerite invited me to share her room in the Home, because Howard had gotten an early discharge from the Navy and had moved to Costa Mesa to work in preparation for beginning Bible School in the fall. Marguerite's room was formerly a sun porch, and it was very pleasant for me. And then she and Mom saw me through the early hours of labor before Howard took me to Balboa Naval Hospital. Larry was born on Sunday, Father's Day, June 20, 1954.

Marguerite now lives in Columbus, Nebraska, near some of her family. Because her brother and his wife, Paul and Carol Hall, live in the Kansas City area, we get to visit with her about once a year.

GLADYS OLSON

Gladys came to the Hospitality Home in December 1963, to assist with the work in the home with Marguerite. She was there until the Home closed, then stayed on with Bertha Rattan. She writes, "When Sis. Rattan passed away, I was alone and had no family. My sister had passed away in August of '88, and I had moved into a studio apartment for senior citizens." Lucile Cox put Gladys and Audrey Click together and they "hit it off real good," as Gladys described it. "She make a trip up to the Grand Canyon, going through Sedona, Arizona. She liked it so well, she made a trip back to look at houses and bought one. Then when she got back to San Diego, she asked me to come up here, to which I agreed. We moved here November 1, 1989. Audrey was brought up in Juneau, Alaska and had been wanting to make a trip back up there so, she did and took me with her by ship. That was grand. Then the following year she took me with her up to the Canadian Rockies."

VIRGINIA GONZALES HAYDEN

Tacos

One to two lbs ground round; brown with one garlic clove, chopped, until no pink shows. Add a pinch of oregano and a pinch of cumin, salt and black pepper to taste. Set aside while tortillas are crisped.

In oil, crisp corn tortillas; while still soft, fold in half and continue to crisp. Fill the tacos; garnish with chopped onions, tomatoes, cheddar cheese, lettuce, sliced olives, and taco sauce.

Note from Marge: I remember Virginia once put a finely-chopped cooked potato in her taco meat mixture ... good “comfort food”!

The House at 1268 22nd Street

“Except the LORD build the house, they labour in vain that build it:
except the LORD keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain.

Psalm 127:1

The following was written in 1957 at the request of the Rattans; I submitted it to *The Pentecostal Evangel* periodical, but they couldn’t use it. *Marge Marshall*

“Nothing is too good for our boys in the service.” This statement has been made many times by the Rev. Irvin L. “Dad” Rattan, director of Layne’s Hospitality Home in San Diego, California. Agreeing wholeheartedly is “Mom” Rattan, as she is affectionately known to thousands of boys.

These are not idle words; they are proven by the fact that the Rattans have dedicated their lives to our servicemen, particularly the sailors and Marines in and near San Diego. The first service in the Home was held on December 7, 1941, Pearl Harbor Day.

During World War II San Diego was, and still is, important to our national defense. At that time, there was also an Army base near San Diego. So there were great numbers of soldiers, sailors, and Marines on the streets. To make things worse, these men were not allowed to leave the city because of the state of emergency. No serviceman likes to stay aboard ship or on base when he’s not on duty. Mother Layne’s Hospitality Home (as it was known in the early years) was much appreciated by these boys, and many times when night came the lawn would be covered with sleeping boys.

In the ensuing 15 ½ years since the Home opened in 1941, Over 225,000 servicemen have passed through the doors at least once. Thousands of them have found Christ as personal Savior, either for the first time or as a backslider returning to the Lord. Several hundred have received the Baptism of the Holy Spirit. Many of these young men have gone on to Bible schools and have become pastors, evangelists, and missionaries.

Ablly assisting on Sunday afternoons have been the pastors and members of the local Assemblies of God churches. These fine pastors preach sermons stressing salvation, and the boys freely respond. They go to the prayer rooms, where they are helped by Christian servicemen who have received training in personal work from Dad Rattan.

While their pastor brings the message, the ladies cut the cakes they have baked and brought along. Imagine, if you can, the huge number of cakes these boys have consumed! Needless to say, they appreciate these cakes that taste “just like my mom makes.”

When the Hospitality Home was opened, it was only an average-sized house. Since then it has been enlarged. The roof was raised to make a thirty-bed dormitory, patios have been added for a shuffleboard court and an outdoor fireplace, and a rumpus room built for indoor recreation. The rumpus room is cleared of ping-pong tables, and folding chairs are set up to make room for the services. These are held four times a week: Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday nights, and Sunday afternoons. Two nine-passenger cars are used to bring the boys up from the streets.

The Hospitality Home has certainly been a blessing to many servicemen. Everything, including a good home-cooked meal each evening, is free.

MORE SPACE NEEDED

In the past two or three years, things began to seem cramped. Therefore, in the early part of 1956, plans were begun to enlarge the building. After weeks of planning, waiting, hoping, praying, and patiently enduring delays, work was finally started in October of that year. Great was the joy of everyone concerned when it was finished in April, six months later.

The Rev. L. R. Halvorson, of the Southern California District Council of the Assemblies of God, was the principal speaker at the dedication service which was held on June 17, 1957. Another honored guest was Captain Howe, Chief of Chaplains of the 11th Naval District.

The exterior is painted a warm brown and that is also the principal color of the interior. As a guest goes up the wide steps and through the door, he enters the atmosphere of “home.” A turn to the right and he enters the foyer, where there is a large desk and someone to take his hat. Mom Rattan meets the boys and they are taken on a tour of the Home. They are shown the new

50-bed dormitory, which is on the second floor of an entirely new addition, which also houses the two-car garage, living quarters for the Rattans, and two guest rooms. The former dormitory has become a library and reading room, where the boys may write letters on stationery provided by the Hospitality Home.

Other improvements include a large new dining room and an area which can either be an extension of the rumpus room or the dining room, depending on which folding door is opened. Several large planters are placed about the main floor, which serve to make the interior refreshing and attractive.

The Rattans point with particular pride to the new prayer room. It is large and will be adequate for communion services, as well as to accommodate any number of boys seeking the Lord in the Saturday evening and Sunday afternoon services.

With these new facilities, Mom and Dad Rattan hope to provide more and more young men with a “home away from home,” where they can relax, write letters, play games and - most of all - find Christ and have Christian fellowship, as so many have over the past years.

Author's note: When I wrote this in 1957, it was common to refer to military men as “boys,” so I have retained those terms. Through all the years the Home was in operation, women in the military were more than welcome, so the fact that they were rarely mentioned is simply a reflection of the fact that most of the military personnel were men.

The Dulls

Life is like a mountain railroad,
With an engineer that's brave;
We must make the run successful,
From the cradle to the grave;
Watch the curves, the fills, the tunnels;
Never falter, never quail;
Keep your hand upon the throttle,
And your eye upon the rail.
Blessed Savior, Thou wilt guide us,
Till we reach that blissful shore,
Where the angels wait to join us
In Thy praise forevermore.
--Words by W. R. Avery
--Music by Charlie D. Tillman

Lucile M. Cox of San Diego reminisces:

My folks, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Dull, and I moved from Seattle, Washington, to San Diego, California in the early fifties. We felt the Lord had a work for us to do, but had no idea what it could be.

In 1953, we bought a house on 37th Street, three blocks from the East San Diego Assembly of God, where Brother Moore was pastor. We started attending the church, and since we all played musical instruments, we joined the orchestra. Like “jack of all trades and master of none,” we had tenor and Spanish guitars, tenor banjo, Hawaiian steel guitar and a marimba.

One Sunday night, a group from the Hospitality Home had charge of the service. Paul Raymond led the singing. The testimonies from the servicemen were thrilling, and Brother Rattan brought the message. We had the witness of the Holy Spirit that the Home was where the Lord wanted us to be.

After the service, Bro. Rattan asked us if we would come the Hospitality Home and help with our music and personal work.

Bro. Dull's greatest delight was in helping to lead many of the servicemen to the Lord.

The fellows enjoyed the times of singing and selecting favorite songs. One of the songs often requested that the three of us sing and play was “Life's Railway to Heaven.” Finally, one time I said I believed that they only wanted to hear the whistle, and they smiled.

During recreation, some of them enjoyed playing checkers with my mother, and usually she would win, much to the surprise of the players. Mrs. Rattan commented on her ability to win.

My folks passed away in the sixties, and I continued at the Home until it closed in November 1974, when 150 came to the open house on the closing night.

I'm thankful for the privilege of helping at the Home, and it was such a thrill to see so many saved, and to know that today, many of the ex-servicemen are still in different types of ministry and Christian service.

RECOLLECTIONS

“...earnestly contend for the faith
which was delivered unto the saints.”
Jude 3 (in part) KJV

Howard W. Marshall
1950 - Boot Camp, U.S. Naval Training Center

My basic training was coming to a completion, when on our first liberty, I believe the 8th week of our training, three of us left the base to take advantage of our “liberty.” Our first stop was the YMCA located on Broadway, not too far from Fleet Landing.

One of the last things my mom instructed me was, “Son, please don't get a tattoo.” Well, needless to say, we found a tattoo parlor and would you believe I did not listen to my mom? You guessed it, I did get a tattoo! My initials, HWM.

At least it was simple, but did have pain associated with it. Yep, and I passed out. The guys got me outside and to some fresh air and when I came to, I had my jumper on and my left forearm bandaged. I'm sure there was no question in those who passed by, that here was “another drunk sailor.”

I was marked, but not really too proud of the fact that I went against my mom's request. Good did come from it though. This all took place on a Sunday afternoon and after getting our tattoos, we were undecided about what we were going to do and, whatever it was, I was not in agreement, so we parted. To this day I do not know what the other two sailors did, but since it was Sunday and I was not due back to the Training Center until 10:00 p.m., I decided to look up a church. I found the First Church of the Nazarene. It was located on 14th Street; Rev. Joseph F. Morgan was the pastor.

I attended the N.Y.P.S. (Nazarene Young People's Society) and the evening service that followed. During the service, my first time away from home, you might say, I was lonely and not where the Lord would have me, spiritually. I do not recall what Pastor Morgan preached about, but as soon as the altar call was given, I made my way to it, and made an new commitment to the Lord. Beside me was another sailor, praying with me. When I felt the Lord had restored me, and my tears had subsided, he asked me my name and I told him. He asked me where I was from and I told him Lyons, Kansas. He looked very surprised and said, “I'm from Hutchinson!” That's just 35 miles from Lyons.

It was at the altar that Laverne Darling introduced me to Mother Layne's Hospitality Home

for Servicemen. He gave me a card and invited me to visit the Home. I do not recall just how long after this that I attended. However, after boot camp, I was assigned to the U.S.S. TUCKER and stationed at the Naval Station there. As we were preparing to leave for overseas to Korean Waters, I was walking guard duty. I felt feverish and when my four hours were completed I reported to Sick Bay; the corpsman took my temperature and recommended that I be admitted to the Naval Hospital. I had the measles! I packed what clothing I had and took only the paperwork available and ended up spending 6 weeks while my ship left for Korea. I did not even have my pay records or the rest of my clothes, which had been in the laundry and did not get to me. It was during this time I believe I went to the Hospitality Home the first time.

The Lord knew what He was doing, because my duty station was reassigned to the U.S.S. Piedmont, destroyer tender, and I was stationed aboard her for 3 ½ years. Assigned to the “deck force,” I knew I did not want to stay in that department, so I started applying for service schools. Finally I was accepted in the Personnel School in San Diego in October 1951. Prior to this, I had been able to spend time at the Home.

Thanksgiving Day 1951 became a highlight in my Navy career as well as my spiritual life. Mom and Dad Rattan and a group of the guys all went on an outing. I do not know where they went (probably to Thanksgiving dinner aboard a ship), but the Home was quiet and I spent much of the time in the rumpus room listening to gospel records. Delbert Hall and Don Baker were in the prayer room downstairs, directly under where I was listening to music. Del came up and invited me to the prayer room. The presence of the Lord was very evident. I spent considerable time there and listened to Del and Don praying in English and in “tongues”; I was not really interested, since it was not according to what I had been taught.

Later in the afternoon, I made a statement to myself something like this, “...Lord, if there is anything to this experience, then I want it and if not, then I want nothing to do with it.” The obvious happened. The Holy Spirit came down on me and as I lifted my hands towards heaven and worshiped the Lord, the Baptizer came into the prayer and baptized me in the Holy Spirit, with the evidence of speaking in tongues as He filled me. What a glorious time and experience!

When the “gang” returned to the Home, Del went upstairs and told Mom and Dad Rattan, “Howard is speaking in tongues.” Mom said, “He can't, he doesn't believe in them!” What a time of rejoicing began, and the prayer room was filled as many of the guys joined in this time of prayer and seeking the Lord. Praise the Lord for His blessings!

When I wrote home and told my Mom about what happened, she wrote back and said “That is great” until she learned about my speaking in tongues--she wasn't sure then! My Thanksgiving dinner that day was a peanut butter and jelly sandwich, but what a spiritual dinner I received instead!

Aboard the Piedmont, I served as the chaplain's assistant and also as ship's librarian.

The Rattans were great people of wisdom and knowledge and practical advice. I recall one time that I asked Mom about what she thought of me going on a date with Roberta Higgins and she asked me, "Would you want Margie to go out with the guys at home?" My reply was "No!" I had answered my own question. At the time I was engaged to Marjorie Seaton in Lyons, Kansas.

The Hospitality Home was our "Home away from Home." The Rattans and the "gang" all received Marge with open arms when we arrived in San Diego, after we were married June 23, 1952. Marge became our piano player. I didn't know that she had only played once at church, but with Bill Seaberg's steady "patting" out the rhythm on her head to keep her from playing too fast, she learned to play songs and choruses for church services. Today Marge plays not only the piano but the organ, as well as the accordion on occasion.

The Rattans are our spiritual parents, at least mine. It was the instruction of Dad in his soul-winning classes and Bible studies, and Mom's instruction in leading a service that has benefitted both of us over the many years since. It was under their ministry that I received my call into the ministry. I received my "Exhorter" papers in February 1954, and was discharged from the Navy three months later.

In 1956 we returned to the Home, after pastoring our first church in Harper, Kansas, because we were interested in the soul-winning efforts of the Home. According to my records, from June 1956 to July 1957, 198 responded to the salvation messages at the Home services, of men who came when invited from the street corners near the YMCA in downtown San Diego.

We look back with fond memories of Dad Rattan's dedication to the Lord of our first son, Larry, at the Home, and our daughter, Janet, at the Italian Assembly of God Church. Also, we have held both Mom and Dad Rattan in high esteem for their dedicated leadership with the personnel in the military service. Though we did not get to be a part of their lives after leaving the Home in 1957, to pastor churches in Kansas, I did get to visit with Mom and Dad Rattan in 1966, while on a trip for United Van Lines. We spent some time together then, and again in 1967 when we vacationed in San Diego and at the General Council of the Assemblies of God in Long Beach. That was the last time we saw them.

Over the years there was some correspondence with them and we always enjoyed their letters. This was our last note from Mom Rattan -- we had sent her a copy of our "form" letter telling about our most recent move, updating information about our family.

October 1, 1987

Dear Howard & Margie:

So often wondered about you... where are you & what doing. Looked for your name in ministers' General Council official list book, but no Howard. [She missed seeing the entry.]

Thanks so much for your pictures. I am proud of you... both, so good looking. [Bless her!] I want to send some others who inquire about you a letter that you sent me. (Will you please send another letter of your whereabouts.)

I enjoy my mobile home so much. Gladys is still with me. I still am active in a large church. Go to church twice Sundays... Tuesday morning. Bro. Reed has services at the church. (Remember Bro. Reed -- the shouting pastor.) I go to luncheons twice a week...Am on a prayer chain of the church.... I can imagine you are wondering, "How old is she?!!" [She guessed right!]

I will tell you when I receive your up-to-date letter...I have misplaced the one you sent.... [We sent another copy, but she never got around to telling us how old she was!]

I love you both... & recall when your first child was born, and when Howard got a speed ticket from the officer. I have sweet memories....

Love

Bertha R.

I want to get my Christmas letter together....

†

Long-term friendships began at the Home

There is no way to count the many long-term friendships began at the Home. We have quite a few ourselves. I wanted to include an example, so I chose Paul Raymond and "Arkie" Radford. They had a lot of fun serving the Lord! Paul is short and Arkie is tall; this photo was taken at a reunion in Branson MO in 1996.



"A Navy buddy by the name of Bellangie encouraged me to go to the Home. He did not come but a time or two after that, but I kept going. The Hospitality Home became to me exactly what it claimed to be - a home away from home. My dad died when I was only four years old, so Dad Rattan became to me the dad that I never had. He taught me so much about how to win souls and as a result it was my honor to win many of my buddies to the Lord while in the service, as well as various personnel from branches of service other than the Navy.

"The Bible studies and Personal Evangelism classes brought a stability to my Christian life that would possibly never would have happened otherwise." *James Ernest "Arkie" Radford*

"I was saved in Memphis TN while attending school in the Navy in 1948.

I was then transferred to Moffett Field in Mountain View CA. There I attended a Baptist church where I grew in the Lord.

“I was always hungry for more of God and the last Sunday in Mountain View I remembered I cried while praying because I knew God had more for me. I just didn’t know how to receive it. Monday was a travel day to Miramar Field in San Diego. On Tuesday while eating breakfast, I prayed over my food as I always did. When I looked up, this big kid across that table was smiling at me. He was Ernest Radford, who invited me to the Hospitality Home. I went a couple of times that week. Sunday evening Dad Rattan, as he preached, said if anyone wants more from God to come forward. Well, I wanted more from God, and that evening I received the Baptism in the Holy Spirit and I knew that this was what I was looking for.

“Later I received my call into the ministry while Robert Fierro was preaching in LaMesa.

During my two and a half years at the Home, I kept a prayer list of some 250 men that I had led to the Lord. I often wondered how many of these men I will greet when I get to heaven.”

Paul Raymond

†

The following letter was published in the Spring 1990 issue of *Heritage*, the magazine published quarterly by the Assemblies of God Archives, 1445 Boonville Avenue, Springfield, Missouri 65802.

From Our Readers

Looking for Military Personnel Who Visited San Diego Home

Rev. and Mrs. I. L. Rattan, of Layne's Hospitality Home for Servicemen in San Diego, California, were a powerful Christian influence in the lives of hundreds of young members of the armed services during World War II, the Korean War, and the 1960s.

Both the Rattans have gone on to be with the Lord: Irvin died in 1968, and Bertha in February 1989. But the inspiration provided by Mom and Dad Rattan continues today, through those who went on to become ministers of the gospel and those who are active lay members of churches around the country.

The Rattans never had children of their own, but we as their children in the Lord want to remember them. So as a memorial, we intend to prepare a collection of testimonies/biographies about the men and women who were beneficiaries of their

fruitful ministry. *Heritage* readers who went through the Home are invited to send their written or taped reminiscences to us at the address below. Howard and Marge Marshall, 1044 S. 74th Street, Kansas City, Kansas 66111.

We heard from two people as the result of our letter.

April 10, 1990

Dear Mr. & Mrs. Marshall:

I have recently read your article in the *Heritage Magazine* and was very glad to get the information that it contained.

My husband, Edwin Frame, was in the Navy and stationed part of the time in San Diego. We attended the Sixth & Fir Assembly of God Church and visited the Layne Hospitality Home many times. He was injured during the early part of World War II, but we continued to live in San Diego until October, 1945.

We have thought many times in fond memories of the Rattans and the great contribution they made with the services there. Even though we were married and had a home there, there were times when we were lonely too since we were far from our families, and our visits there were a blessing to us too.

I hope that you have a great response from many others who visited there. They were a tremendous help to many lonely people and a great assistance to help many new converts become established in the Lord.

My husband passed away on June 23, 1989.

Sincerely,
Inez Frame

North Central Bible College
Minneapolis, Minnesota

April 19, 1991

Dear Howard and Marjorie:

It was such a pleasure to read about Mom and Dad Rattan in the winter issue of the *Assemblies of God Heritage*. The last time I personally visited with Mom Rattan was in

January, 1984. I was on my way up to the Pacific Northwest to conduct postdoctoral work in Lifelong Learning, and took a chance that she might still be living: she was, and we had a very warm time of visiting together. The one thing that comes back to my mind about that visit is that she seemed to deeply miss her work with servicemen, and that anybody who came back to visit her was confirmation that all those years at the Hospitality Home with Irvin were an investment in the kingdom of God. One will not be able to tell in this life how much good was done as a result of their ministry. "Who can guess His grace?" Some of the names in the article quickly come back to me, Floyd and Eleanor, and Marguerite in particular. And you and I were in CBI at the same time, were we not?

I am currently the librarian at North Central Bible College, have been here since 1987. It has been a meaningful experience.

Perhaps we can stay in touch however that might work out. In the meantime, thanks for reminding me of the way God continues to work in the world.

Peace to you in Christ,
John C. Shirk, Librarian

Recently, we received an e-mail from John:

I've been the librarian at NCBC since 1987, before that was with libraries in Texas. In between I've been conducting research in lifelong learning and consumer behavior--am still working on that topic between my spare time of being librarian and working with watercolors.

Chronology

- 1864 - The future Mrs. Mahlon E. Layne was born.
- 1866 - Mahlon E. Layne born
- 1893 - September 27, 1893 - Irvin Leonard Rattan born in Kansas
- 1897 - July 21, 1897 - Bertha May Havin born in St. Louis, Missouri
- 1900 - The Havins move to Pasadena, California
- 1911 - Bertha's cousin Gladys and her family move to Pasadena from Iowa
- 1920 - Irvin and Bertha are married
- 1926 - Aboard the steamship *Lurlene*, M. E. Layne and W. M. Mason confer
- 1927 - December 27, 1927 - Mahlon E. Layne dies; the Layne Foundation begun
- 1930 - Bertha Rattan's father dies
- 1937 - Irvin enters the ministry
- 1938 - Spring 1938, the Rattans begin working at Layne's Pancake Mission
- 1939 - Bertha Rattan's mother dies
- 1939 - The Rattans go to CBI in Springfield shortly after the death
- 1941 - The Rattans return to California
- 1941 - December 6, 1941 - the Home opens
- 1941 - December 7, 1941 - the first service is held on Pearl Harbor day
- 1943 - May 12, 1943 - Irvin L. Rattan is ordained
- 1944 - June 4, 1944 - Mother Layne (Bertha Layne) dies
- 1945 - World War II ends
- 1949 - Marguerite Hall comes to work at the Home
- 1950 - The Korean Conflict begins
- 1953 - The Korean Conflict ends
- 1965 - In Vietnam, US military action increases
- 1968 - January 30, 1968 - Irvin Rattan dies
- 1973 - Cease fire in Vietnam in January 1973
- 1974 - November - the Home closes; Bertha Rattan retires
- 1989 - February 13, 1989 - Bertha Rattan dies
- 2010 - March 17, 2010 - Marguerite Hall dies

EPILOGUE

It will be worth it all, when we see Jesus;
Life's trials will seem so small, when we see Christ;
One glimpse of His dear face, all sorrow will erase,
So bravely run the race till we see Christ.

(Words and music by Esther Kerr Rusthoi, 1941)

MORNING AND HOPE

Morning,
And the meadowlark sings;
The sky is blue, with wispy clouds;
And over my head
The flag waves freely in the breeze.
Nearby,
The last vestiges of dirty snowdrifts
Barely hide the first green signs
Of spring.
Beyond,
I see the evergreen trees
And think of death and grief;
Yet with spring comes thoughts
Of resurrection:
The hope of life eternal.
Thoughts of morning and of hope
Go hand in hand,
For after the night of sadness
Rays of hope
Expel the gloom
And a new day can begin.
Dear friends
Are not lost when they are gone;
As long as there is memory,
A friend lives.

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